

THE WEEK IN WAGGA

BY "BRUTUS"

"BRUTUS" met a man this week who saw a flying saucer.

He was quite serious. "It appeared about an hour after sunset," he said. "I was walking down a street when suddenly the thing whizzed across the sky like a silver streak.

"It made no noise. I think it was flying at an altitude of about 3000 feet. It finally disappeared into a clump of clouds."

"Brutus's" friend recounted any theory about the experience being an optical illusion. "I watched it for half a minute," he declared.

It had to happen in Wagga, too.

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MANY strange methods were adopted by people in their attempts to find the winner of last Tuesday's Melbourne Cup.

Most of them, of course, proved no more successful than the "form" method adopted by the average racegoer.

The method adopted by one Wagga woman, however, did bring happy results. Monday's eclipse of the sun suggested itself to her as a likely guide to finding the elusive cup winner, and a careful perusal of the starters left her with little doubt that Rimfire was indicated.

Result: A modest investment on the 80/1 winner.

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THIS business about not looking at the sun during the eclipse didn't appeal to a local man waiting at the Wagga railway station for the Sydney express early on Tuesday morning—the morning after the eclipse.

Looking at a chalked notice on the platform reading "Don't look at the sun until after 4.30," he said to his companion: "There's no telling what stunts these Sydney newspapers will come at to get a man to buy their paper."

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ON Saturday in one of Wagga's hotels a well-dressed young man was glibly boasting that the power restrictions would not worry him. He was in a protected undertaking, he had a fuel stove—and a sack of coal in case it went on until winter—and he drank only spirits.

His smugness waned a little.

Talk is cheap.
Oh, yes? Have you seen this telephone account?

though, when he was awakened to the knowledge that his clothes at the laundry might not be ready until next Thursday.

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"BRUTUS'S" faith in the written word has been shaken by a friend's experience in the Wagga post office.

A newcomer to Wagga, and wanting a postal note, she went to the money order section, the only place in the office where one of those signs says "Postal Notes."

"Further down the counter, please," said the clerk kindly.

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Remonstrance . . .

The clerk came front-counter to see the sign for himself.

"Well, I'm blessed," he said.

The sign is still the same, but the locals refuse to be misled.

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A FOREIGNER learning to speak correct English is tackling a hard job, but in Australia, with its own particular slang, it is relatively easy.

For example, "Brutus" was in a cafe the other day when he walked a woman, obviously a foreigner. Apparently she had just arrived in Australia and was just learning the language, for she had some difficulty in making it known that she wanted an ice-cream.

When she had accomplished this task, the serving girl turned around and asked her whether she would like it in a cone or a dish.

Obviously puzzled, the new arrival thought for a moment and then answered brightly, "I'll have it in a 'thing' please!"

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"BRUTUS" just mentions this as a matter of civic pride.

The Chief Commissioner of the New South Wales Boy Scouts' Association (Major Lloyd), who was in Wagga over the weekend, was impressed with the lay-out of the city.

Major Lloyd, who had visited Albury, Goulburn and other large country centres, said that the lay-out of the tree-lined streets was particularly imposing compared with the other centres.

